Englands Tryumph, and Hollands Downfall;

The Second Royal VICTORY,

Obtained upon the Hollanders Fleet, in a Sea-Fight, by the King of Great

Brittains Royal Navy, under the Conduct of his Highness Prince Rupert, and his Grace, George Duke of

Albemarle; as it was Heroically Fought, and undoubtrully Disputed on the 1, 2d, 3d, & 4th of June, 1666.

To the tune of, A Fig for France and Holland too, &c.





STring up your hearts, & tune your throats, Schith merry and triumphant. Potes; Send forrow from your Souls away, You never had more cause for zoy:
The Cræple may cast away his Crutch, And dance the Downfal of the Dutch Great Brittain now may take it's ease, King Charles is Soveraign of the Seas.

The first and Second day of June, But Holland's Trumpets out of Tune; Prince Rupert and the Duke to bot, Have given the Dutch-men all the Rout: So bloudily they cut their Coats, And bruis'd & bang'd, & burn'd their Borts, They ne're will offer to displease,

They ne're will offer to displease, King Charles their Soveraign of the Seas.

Af Pumber would have won the Day, We were less Pumerous then they: When Sirten Zealand Ships came in, If odds would do't, they needs must win: For they were Pinety Six compleate, But who can save, whom Peaven will beat.

When God his Mercy will express, Unto the Soveraign of the Seas. The Duke with Loyalty inrag'd,
Caith (Fifty) Pincty Six ingag'd;
But Thirty of the Dutch (to mæt
Prince Rupert) then vio quit their Flæt,
Thinking to leize the Prince by flight,
Before their Forces could Anite:
Lut no such thallow Plots as these,

Can Cheat the Soveraign of the Seas.

The Prince and Duke did nobly soun,
Their Loyal Forces both combine;
And on the foaming Billows curl'd,

They bid Defiance to the world: The Dutch ingage with all their Powers, And scatter on us Shot like showers.

But 'tis not fuch poor Powers as thefe,' Canquell the Soveraign of the Seas.

Almost as swiftly as desir'd,
Fourteen of theirs were Tok and Fir'd;
But their Thice-Admiral did meet,
Our Duke i'th' Front of all his flet:
They were so near they might have clutcht,
Almost hook hands, their Pard-Arms touch'd.

Put George's Broad-side did displease, The Foe toth' Soveraign of the Seas.

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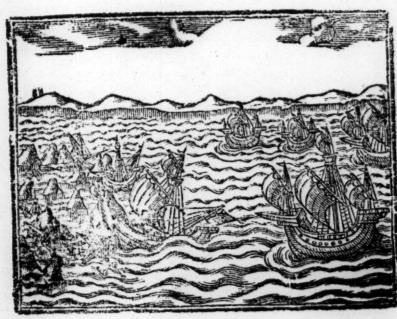
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The fecond part,

to the same tune.





De Firtt was then so ferce and hot, Dis Band was bruis'd, his Breches thot; Det though they came so hotly on, As fon they banith'd and were gon : Forty or fifty men of ours, Were kill'd a knock'd down by their powers,

Yet some of these (though with much pain) Appear'd upon the Decas again,

Prince Rupere like the God of War, Thorough their flet fot like a Star ; Whose Influence like Lightning fone, And pierc's the marrow through the bone: The Seas with blond were much imbau'd, The Datch-men fled, our Ben purfu'd.

Till none were seen that could displease, King Charles the Soveraign of the Seas.

So long as we had Powder, we Durfu'd the Durch-men through the Sea; And their du Ruicer, he in whom, They builded all their hopes to come : Four of their greatest Ships were funck, They cry, The Devil's in the Monck.

Never such men appear'd like thefe, To Guard the Soveraign of the Seas.

A gallant Ship of theirs mas fpr'd, With Sebenty fir Ouns double Tyr's; Dur Henery, a Ship of Fame, From thie fire-Ships escap'd the flame : And was fo ftrong befet, that then be loft at leaft One hundzed men.

We must indure such hurts as these, To guard the Soveraign of the Seas.

Do Dea, fo black and red a fight, Po Time og Age e're brought to light ; The fire and Water did contend, Tothich thould first bring them to their end: Boge valiant Ben kill'd in that dayes, Then thee and twenty years can raife.

We can't avoid such brunts as these, To guard the Soveraign of the Seas.

On Whitsonday the Duke did send, Dis Den for Cure, and Ships to mend Unto our Englith Coaff, Where care Is taken for their fwift Repair : Thefe Cards thus dealt, out of the Lump, The Royal Katherine turn'd up Trump.

A Sacrifice which doth appeale, The Royal Soversign of the Seas.

To fumme up all, 'tis thought they are, Infit to raile another War : 'Mis much prefum'd, 'caufe they did fail, When they had made out all their Sarl: Thefe are some of those warlike Tricks. a Becket Prelag'o in Sirty Sir.

wayes fuch Events as thefe, Secure the Sovernign of the Sens.

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